

THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

AUGUST 1953



This Issue: THE MILLION MEN IN SHANTYTOWN



EXCEPT FOR the kimono and sandals, this scene of Junior coming back from the store might be Anyplace, USA, instead of in Japan. It's just one more proof that people are the same the world over.







BY THOMAS V. KIERNAN

## Volcano Island

**Many events hindered Catholicism in the Paradise of the Pacific.**

■ WE HAVE often been asked why Maryknoll, technically a foreign-mission society, sends its missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands. This territory is really part of the United States, with a fond hope of becoming soon the 49th State. While it is true that the Catholic Church has evangelized the Islands for a hundred years, they are still largely missionary territory in a very real sense.

As in most cases of this kind, the reason lies in the fact that there were never sufficient missionaries to cope with the special circumstances found in the Islands. That defi-

ciency still exists. When mission work was first attempted, the Islands were confided by Rome to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts. Protestant missionaries from New England had already gained great influence by the time the first Catholic priests arrived. For many years the efforts of Catholic missionaries met with very little success. The Protestants, with large numbers of men and women missionaries and an ample supply of funds for financing missionary works and institutions, dominated the religious life of the Islands.

However, about 1850, the picture

began to change, and Catholic missionaries attained remarkable success among the native Hawaiians.

Because the Islands are mostly lacking in natural resources, agriculture, lumbering, and shipping became the mainstays of their economy. Sugar-cane plantations were developed on all the major islands; and later, pineapple plantations.

When it was found that the Hawaiians were reluctant to tie themselves down to the drudgery of plantation life, various kinds of immigrant labor were imported—from China, Korea, Puerto Rico, Portugal, Japan, and finally the Philippines. British and Americans—many of them the descendants of the early Protestant missionaries—controlled the plantations and the economy of the Islands.

The immigration of such varied types of laborers caused the missionaries many problems. The European priests had to learn not only Hawaiian and English, but had also to successively meet the challenges of no less than four Oriental tongues and Portuguese besides.

After 1880, hundreds of Portuguese families were imported—most of them ardent Catholics and desperately poor. They clamored for the services of the all-too-few priests, which made further missionary

effort among the Hawaiians and Orientals impossible. Hordes of unmarried men in the Oriental immigrations accentuated the difficulties. Up to the time labor unions were formed, a generation ago, the economic conditions of the plantation workers were very distressing. Laboring men were ruthlessly depressed and exploited.

The five large islands that comprise the Hawaiian group are separated by considerable open ocean. This made intercommunication hazardous and difficult. The island roads were often mere jungle trails. Camps of flimsy houses were scattered around the plantations, thus making for further isolation and restricting social and cultural intercourse.

In the last half of the nineteenth century, scores of Mormon missionaries from Utah entered the Islands and won many converts. The task of the small number of Catholic missionaries was overwhelming. Were it not for the large number of Portuguese Catholics who remained faithful to their Church and who sacrificed themselves from their penury to build up rural parishes, the prospect would indeed have been utterly discouraging.

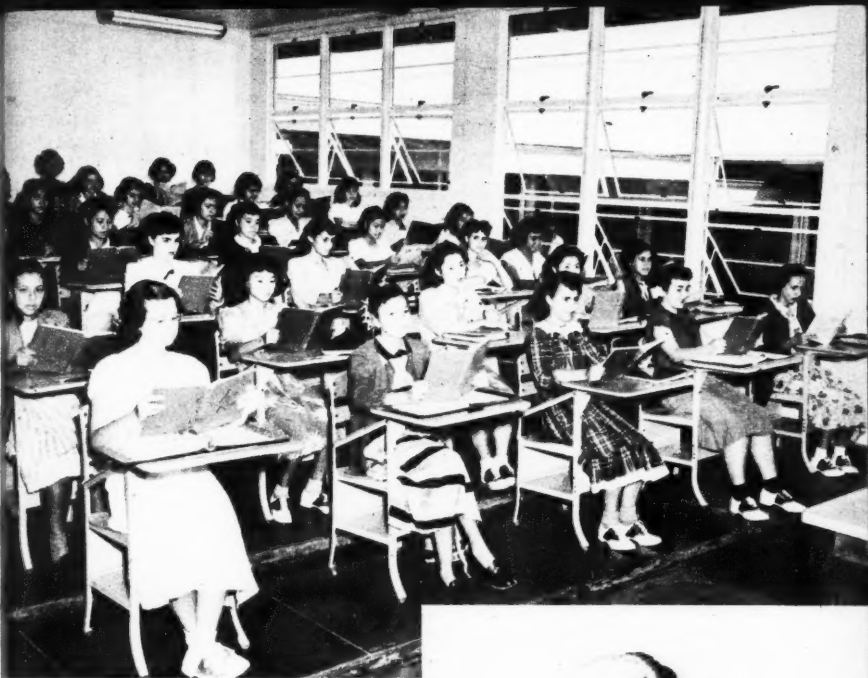
Around the turn of the century, when the Islands were annexed by the United States, modernization

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

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The author's school (above) has a large enrollment. Baltimore's Father John M. Coulehan is pastor of Holualoa parish.

set in. But still, the number of Catholic missionaries available was scant. Financial support from the economically depressed population was extremely inadequate. This prevented the development of needed parishes and the building of Catholic educational and charitable institutions.

During the three generations following the advent of Catholic missionaries, intermarriage of the various racial groups increased the social, economic, and religious problems. Without a sufficiently large missionary personnel to intensify the religious life of the Catholics, many of the children of the early





Salt Lake City's Father Vaughan; and Father Miyashiro, the pastor of Papaipou, who got the idea of becoming a priest from Maryknoll's Father Murray.

Catholics were lost to the Faith.

Today, about one third of the population of the Islands are baptized Catholics. But only about twenty-five per cent of these regularly attend Sunday Mass. Much of this is due to the large number of immigrants from the Philippines. They are traditionally Catholic but woefully ignorant of the fundamentals of their religion. Such nominal Catholics frequently contract marriages with non-Catholics, divorce readily, and remarry — with the loss of themselves and their children to the Church.

A third of the population is of Japanese extraction. The older Japanese cling tenaciously to Buddhism; only a comparative few of their offspring have become Catho-

lics. When the Japanese first arrived, missionaries simply could not abandon the people already under their care, in order to concentrate on Christianizing the Japanese. Racial antagonisms developed. Because the most ardent Catholics were of Portuguese descent, the Catholic Church became known both to the Japanese and to the Filipinos as the Portuguese Church.

Unfortunately, vocations among the Hawaiian and Portuguese Catholics did not materialize. Something of the anticlerical spirit had been imported from Europe with the immigrations. The material lot of the people was so hard that the struggle for survival overshadowed the realization of the necessity of cultivating an indigenous clergy.

Maryknoll priests entered the Islands in 1927—at first only a small group. Now the Maryknoll Sisters have a heavy contingent here. Maryknoll priests staff thirteen parishes and number some 30 priests and one Brother. Other religious congregations have come to work in the Islands. They are relieving to some degree the burden sustained for over a century by the Sacred Hearts Fathers.

The Sisters of the Sacred Hearts and the Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, New York, pioneered in Catholic educational and charitable works. Today they staff many vigorous units of the diocesan organization. Of special note is the educational service of the Marianist Society in their schools for boys.

Bishop James Joseph Sweeney, of San Francisco, became the chief shepherd of the diocese that was erected in 1940; the diocese embraces all the Hawaiian Islands. Since 1940, amazing progress has been made. A diocesan preparatory seminary is nourishing vocations for the secular clergy. Boys of Japanese extraction are the most numerous among the racial groups represented in the new seminary. Vocations to the religious orders of men and women are also on the up trend.

It seems, nevertheless, that another two generations will be needed before the Hawaiian Islands can be self-supporting in vocations and finances. In the meantime, missionary conditions will continue to prevail—conditions that can be met only with the assistance of missionary organizations.

AUGUST, 1953



Hawaii's youngsters grow up close to the ocean. Fishing is in their bloodstream.



# The Band Played On

**Pope Pius X**

wouldn't have liked it.

**BY JOSEPH B. DONNELLY**

■ PEPE SANCHEZ had scrubbed behind his ears — a sure sign of impending solemnity. Mothers were flitting here and there, fixing this veil, arranging that tie, adjusting those gloves. Certainly Puno, Peru had never seen so solemn a First Communion celebration.

The minute hand of the big church clock was bearing down on the hour, and the master of ceremonies was making sure that all the

First Communicants were lined directly behind the two acolytes on either side of the cross-bearer. The local army band was in perfect formation with poised instruments. At last the clock struck the hour. The master of ceremonies gave the signal; the band leader brought down his baton. And then it happened.

The great number of angels, heaven's delegation to so great an event, probably fled in horror. The band was playing "The Chattanooga Choo Choo." Happily only the Maryknollers noticed. God, being a perfect Being, must have a perfect sense of humor and undoubtedly got quite a chuckle.

It reminded me of the time when the school glee club offered to sing

during the Solemn Mass on All Souls' Day. According to custom, this Mass was celebrated in the pocket-sized chapel on the cemetery grounds. All Souls' Day is a special day in Puno: schools and stores are closed; almost everybody goes to the cemetery to pray.

November second dawned bright and warm. A steady buzz of prayers came from all sides, mixed with shouted greetings and orders, and crying children. True to schedule, the celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon proceeded to the altar. The noise from the crowd at the cemetery lessened but did not cease entirely. Everything went along according to the liturgy, and soon it was time for the choir to add its part. Youthful male voices were raised on that All Souls' Day in the hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

But the unkindest cut of all came later in the cathedral. The Beatification of Pope Pius X was a source of great joy to the Puneneans. We decided on a Solemn Mass and General Communion to commemorate the great honor brought to the apostle of frequent Communion. An orchestra was banded together, to practice sacred music for the

great event. The choir from the local girls' high school was chosen to sing the Mass. Students of the minor seminary were slated to fill the various offices in the sanctuary.

After the *Credo*, an unscheduled shiver passed over the liturgically minded when the orchestra broke into the melody of "Comin' through the Rye." Those who felt that this was too much, cleared their throats, glared menacingly in the direction of the orchestra, and then returned to the spirit of the liturgy.

Their looks were ineffectual, indeed. For after the Consecration, the musicians tripped lightly into Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Distraction was rampant among the informed, who silently fumed to themselves, and wished that the earth would open and quickly but quietly swallow the orchestra players—who were completely unaware of the effect they were having on some. Of all the illustrious possibilities, it had to happen while honoring Pius X, the reformer of church music.

I won't be surprised if at some funeral in Puno I hear the band play "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you."



## LESSON

A YOUNG Chinese student has been in prison for over six months. The Reds sent him to jail because he refused to accuse his Catholic teachers of imperialist crimes. Persons released from that jail say that periodically the student is handed paper and pencil and told to write his

"confession" and accuse the teachers. Each time he writes, "I am a Christian" and returns the paper. This Chinese student has been strung up and beaten. He is still in jail, now too weak to stand up by himself.









Father William Coleman is persuading a father to send his son to Molina.

# SCHOOL FOR FARMERS

■ IN ORDER to train the sons of agricultural workers in central Chile, so that they might find a better way of life, Maryknoll opened an agricultural and industrial school, in 1947. Today the school has an enrollment of close to two hundred boys.

The Molina school was organized by Father James F. McNiff, of Peabody, Mass., who is the present director. The school offers classes

in the main types of agriculture and in agricultural mechanics, particular to that region of Chile. The school has an experimental farm (left), vineyards and orchards. Chickens, cattle, rabbits and bees are cared for by the students. The biggest needs are for more land and a tractor, but funds have not been available.



A CHILEAN PHOTO STORY BY ALBERT J. NEVINS



Students learn everything from weights and measures (above) to keeping farm books. The course is aimed at turning out future Chilean leaders.



The mechanical shops are well equipped. Father Coleman, the assistant director, was a handy man with tools in his home town of Shelby, Ohio.



Oscar's father is the foreman of a large *fundo*, or farm. Oscar, a pupil at the school, will some day succeed him.



The students take pride in the school's livestock. Besides serving as a means by which to learn, the animals give food for many mouths.

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**At a dinner** in the home of a very dear friend, in the capital of a Latin-American country, I spoke of Bishop Ford's experiences and those of Sister Joan Marie. I can detect on such occasions a look of sympathy and also a question in the eyes of my listeners: "Why such suffering? Why all this imprisonment and mental torture?"

It is hard for us to appreciate the place of suffering in the Divine Plan. Our Lord constantly put it right on the line so that there would be no illusions. But in spite of His warnings, Christians are still scandalized at the need of suffering and death.

**Not long ago**, a fine Catholic lady, who is in the *FAO*, had an audience with the Holy Father. She expressed her sorrow at the sight of poverty and suffering she had witnessed in her travels, and her desire to alleviate this suffering.

The Holy Father asked her, "Do you believe in this cause?" She said that she did. Then he said: "Do you believe unto death? Unless you have faith that strong, you will not succeed. Our enemies believe with fanatic faith in their cause. You must believe unto death."

**Perhaps** it is our lack of faith that weakens our belief in the necessity of suffering. Were Our Lord to

appear to us, He might rebuke us in words not unlike the following:

"Did I not tell you that pagans could not become Christians unless I first died for them? Did you think that you could make disciples of the nations by argument or money or publicity. When I called you to work with Me, I told you that you could make contribution only by taking up the cross and following in My steps. When did the rules change? Why are you now tempted to think of martyrs and prisoners as lost to My cause? If they died for Me, are you not sure that they are living for Me? How can you fail to see that their death is a promise of life, not only for themselves but for their people?"

"These are the birth pangs. A new world will be born: a new China, a new Rumania, a new Czechoslovakia, even a new Russia—with opportunities that have never been presented before."

**Jesus** would have spoken in this way. Only He would have said it much more simply and infinitely more convincingly. We should accept once and for all the part of suffering in the plan of redemption. We should be glad to give our share and consider it a privilege.

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AUGUST, 1953



# Any Sunday Morning

Visiting day  
always offers  
big opportunities.

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK

■ ON ANY Sunday morning, the rectory at the Masonga mission in Africa is a busy place. The little, whitewashed house under its grass roof is filled as soon as the door has been opened. Four or five men sit on the bench beside the dining room table. Other early comers get seats on the school children's zebra-skin drums. The rest of the crowd mills about. Business under consideration includes baptisms, marriages, school affairs, medals, malaria, boils, and a host of other problems.

By 11:30 one Sunday morning, most of the crowd had gone home. Alfonse Gibori then had a chance for serious talk. Alfonse is the catechist at Wasurwa, out on the big peninsula that juts into Lake Victoria. He started with two or three candidates and now has a flourishing catechumenate, with a class graduating from his preliminary course every three months. The sincerity of the Christians whom Alfonse has trained, is evidenced by the fact that they walk all day Saturday, once a month, so as to be able to attend Mass and receive the sacraments.

Alfonse had something on his mind: "Father, do you remember the Christians you met from Buha-cha when you visited us last month?"

"Yes," said Father John Schiff. "I remember. They were the ones who wanted me to send someone to their section, to teach their neighbors about the Faith."

"Well," continued Alfonse, "I think we can take care of that request now. You see that man sitting on the bench beside you? He's our



man. We found just the site for a school. And he's ready to start a class right away, under some tree until a house can be put up. He won't mind, even if it will take him a couple of hours every day to get from where he lives to where he will teach."

Father Schiff gave the new teacher a catechism and a notebook. We expect to hear more from the new school at Buhacha, when the teacher makes his regular reports.

After Alfonse had left, a woman came forward to talk to Father Schiff. A brilliantly colored shawl was draped over her shoulder. As she spoke, she held the shawl over her mouth. There was no use in covering her mouth like that: anyone could see at a glance that she was not a Luo. A broad tattoo mark ran from the tip of her flat nose up to the hairline of her forehead. An interesting variety of tattoo marks decorated her cheeks. Once, when she inadvertently uncovered her mouth while speaking, we saw another sign that she was not a Luo. The Luos pull out the six lower front teeth, at an early age. This woman's lower front teeth were all

there — but filed to sharp points. Of course! She's a Basumbiti woman.

The lady who had come with her, to give moral support, was a Luo. The friend sat on the floor all the while and didn't say a word.

The Basumbiti woman came directly to the point: "Give us a school where we can learn the doctrine. That's what we want. The school at Bukura is too far away for us to go there to study. And there are lots of people in my neighborhood who want to begin studying. We need a teacher and a school."

Both the women are pagans, but there is no doubt about the fact that they know what they want.

Father Schiff promised to do all he could for them. He would have liked to remind them that good catechists don't grow on pawpaw trees, even up in the Nagasi section where these women live.

They were pleased with the promise and got up to leave. With a "Thanks, Padri," the Basumbiti woman banged a big copper coin on the table and walked out.

A doctrine school in the Nagasi section will take the Church right up to the Kenya border.



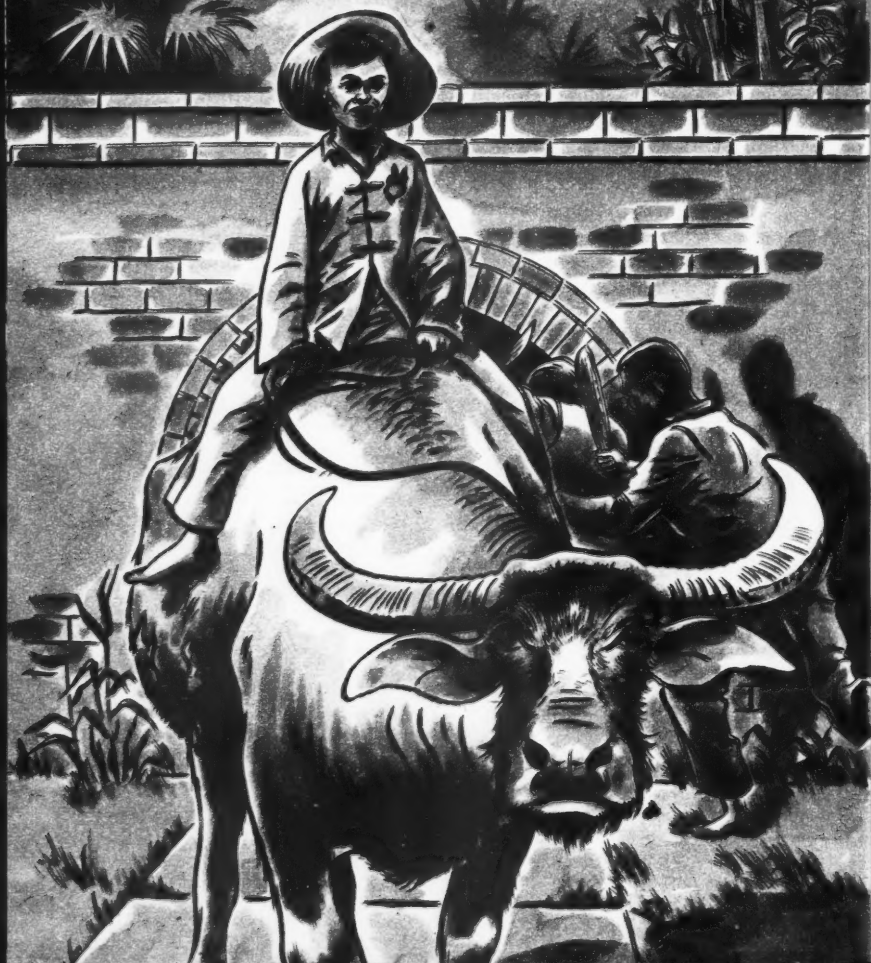
## LIFE SAVER

CROSSING from Cozumel to the Mexican coast reminds me of the classical peril of sailing between Scylla and Charybdis. On my last trip to Mexico I crossed in a small sailing boat.

While I was asleep, a squall overtook the craft, sending up huge waves on all sides. It didn't disturb my nap. Then a particularly heavy wave tilted the boat dangerously. I awoke, as I crashed into the gasoline tank on the opposite side of the deck from where I had been sleeping. My hat and fountain pen continued their unscheduled trip and landed in the sea. But for the gasoline tank, I would have followed their example.

— Walter W. Winrich

# BIG UGLY SAVES THE DAY





The ancients say, "A dragon stranded in shallow water furnishes amusement for the shrimps." That gave Ah Lum an idea.

BY MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR

■ "COME NOW, Big Ugly! Let us go home to eat rice." Ah Lum tugged gently at the rope, and the huge water buffalo rose slowly from the muddy canal. The boy climbed the slimy banks carefully, because he did not want to dirty his ragged short trousers. The buffalo lumbered up after him, in response to the tugs on the rope which went through a ring in his nostrils.

Suddenly there were shouts as a group of boys crossed the canal bridge. They had schoolbags over their shoulders, and they wore the smart khaki-and-blue uniforms of the New Life School in town. Their shouts were full of mockery, and their object was Ah Lum. "Ah Lum is stupid; he does not go to school," they chanted. "He must watch the water buffalo," cried the younger son of Lun Ha, and his older brother added, "His father is poor and rice gruel is eaten in the house of Ah Lum." All the boys laughed loudly as they passed on to the village.

Ah Lum's black eyes became liquid and he turned away. The two sons of Lun Ha had been his friends, he thought bitterly. He had been welcome in the courts of Lun Ha, and the sons of that wealthy landowner had been his playmates, sitting together in the mud-walled schoolroom of the village, running

across the rice fields, wandering over the grassy hills, collecting the singing crickets. But that was a year ago — he was ten then — when his father was the schoolmaster. Now the school was closed, and the boys of the village, those who had money, went to the New Life School in the town. His father had said to him: "I can no longer teach, my son. The new Government does not want youth to learn the good teachings of the ancients." His lined face was sad and he sighed. "So you must stay at home to help in the work. Poverty is the common lot of scholars."

His father did teach him at night — the tattered books dimly lit by the fitful light of the peanut-oil lamp — and the teaching was good. But he missed the companionship of the other boys, and he was hurt by their taunts. His father had stroked his long, stringy beard when he told him of the daily mockery.

"Rich men have short memories, my son. But do not let it trouble. Try to avoid these boys. As one of our wise men said, 'When the ear does not hear, the heart escapes worry.'"

"They keep telling me I do not know the new learning. They talk about the 'New China' and 'People's Government.' I do not understand these things."

A shadow passes over the old man's face. "Better that you do not know, Ah Lum. Strange, new things go on in our land. It is said in the market place that many people are killed or imprisoned. That is not good. In the old books it says, 'A house established by oppression cannot long enjoy prosperity.'"

Leading the black water buffalo home now, Ah Lum thought of these things, but mostly he thought of the sons of Lun Ha, who had been his friends once but now made fun of him. Lun Ha himself was always pleasant to him when they met on the street, always asking for his father. "Give my respects to your old one, Ah Lum. He is a learned man and a good one." But the sons of Lun Ha had no respect. If that is the way of this New China, thought the boy, I want no part of it.

Still deep in thought, he led Big Ugly through the alley behind Leong's Tea Shop. He heard voices coming through the thin, bamboo walls. "It is said that the property of Lun Ha will be taken tonight," said one voice.

Another voice added breathlessly, "He will be killed, that is sure, and all his family. He has much land. In Middle Mountain Village they hung the rich landlord."

"They cut off the hands of Man Pak, who owns the cloth factory in the city. It is the custom now. Kill the landlord and give his lands to

the people," said another voice.

"It is a bad business," said the first voice slowly. "Lun Ha is rich, yes, but he always helped the poor. I could not pay rent when my second son was sick, but Lun Ha never pressed me for it."

"The people who get the land will have to pay more in taxes than they paid in rent. 'They escape the crocodile, to

fall into the hands of the tiger.'"

Ah Lum listened no more. He quickly led the buffalo home, his head bursting with what he had heard. His father was eating rice when he entered, and his mother placed a bowl of it between the boy's hands. "Eat the good rice while it is hot, Ah Lum. There is a bit of fish in it, too, and some greens."

The boy was too excited to eat. He poured out what he had heard. The old man listened carefully, although his wooden chopsticks never stopped flying between the steaming bowl of rice and his mouth. "We have nothing to fear, my son," he said. "The deer hunter does not look at the hare."

"But Lun Ha and his family, father! His sons were my friends. The mob will kill them!"

His father shook his head sadly. "The ancients say, 'A dragon stranded in shallow water furnishes amusement for the shrimps.' There is nothing you can do, my son. You cannot cut off sunlight with one hand."

**"A WILL WITHOUT GOD IS NOT A GOOD WILL." — Cardinal Manning**

May we suggest that you remember in your will: family, friends, charities, your parish, diocesan and national institutions, and the missions.

The boy toyed with his food. Finally he put the bowl down. "I go to the village street, to see what takes place. Perhaps I can help. Did you not teach me that to save a single life is better than building a seven-story pagoda?"

He went to the shed where Big Ugly was tied, and led him through the alley, to the street. Down in front of Kwoh the rice seller there was a crowd. A red-faced man in a blue uniform was waving fat, beefy arms and screaming. "What should be done to Lun Ha, the evil landlord? Should he not be killed?" And the crowd answered back, "Kill Lun Ha! Kill his sons and his family!"

Ah Lum turned and led the lumbering water buffalo through the darkness of Fragrant Spring Alley and along the Street of the Rope Makers, until he came to the massive, wooden gate of Lun Ha's property. The gatekeeper was peering out. "Let me in," said the boy hurriedly. "I have a message for Lun Ha . . . and close the gate tight!"

The boy crossed the outer courtyard and came to the circular moon gate leading to the inner dwellings. Big Ugly could not go through it, so Ah Lum left him and ran into the inner courtyard. Lun Ha was eating evening rice with his two sons. They looked up with surprise at Ah Lum. His words just tumbled out. "Run . . . run fast . . . through the back gate and up the path to the mountains. The mob comes to kill you all!" The three rose but did not move. "Go quickly," said Ah Lum.

"Listen! the crowd is already at your gate." So they were; into the richly decorated room came cries of

"Burn the gate down! Kill Lun Ha!"

"But . . . we haven't time," said Lun Ha, grasping the shoulders of his sons. "That gate will soon break."

Ah Lum waved them off. "Do as I say. They will not pass the moon gate for some time," he said grimly.

Outside the mob was still screaming before the wooden, outer gate. But a battering ram was brought and it quickly splintered the gate open. The mob rushed into the outer courtyard, hundreds of men, brandishing sharpened bamboo poles and clubs and curved rice-cutting knives. But then they stopped and let out howls of rage. Stuck solidly in the moon gate, like a cork in a bottle, was the black bulk of Big Ugly! Those in front began to push, but the beast lashed out with his heels.

None of the crowd noticed Ah Lum in a corner, watching fearfully while they tried in vain to budge Big Ugly, whom he had forced into the gate. The boy's heart thudded with excitement — a few moments more and Lun Ha would be safely away to the shelter of the mountains.

Hours later, the boy led the water buffalo home. He was both laughing and crying as he gently rubbed the rough hide of Big Ugly, scratched and somewhat bloodied by the brick sides of the moon gate.

"Where were you, my son? What have you done to the buffalo? Oh, he is bleeding!"

"Only a little blood, father," said Ah Lum. "He is a good buffalo. Tonight he helped me do a greater thing than build a seven-story pagoda!"



# The Horse that Wouldn't Drown

Would you travel two days over slippery trails to hear Mass?

BY EDWARD J. McGUINNESS

■ WHEN the rains come to the Cuchumatanes Mountains in Guatemala, the little mountain streams suddenly become great, roaring torrents. The trails that wind their way up and down the mountainsides and through the valleys echo with the thud and clack of galloping hoofs in the dry summertime. But when the rains come, the trails turn into soft, slippery mud.

The Indian farmers plan their

planting so that the crops will be sown and the first weeding completed, before the rains come.

Through the rain, a delegation of Indians from the village of Aguacate came to visit the Padre. They wanted to know if I could come to their village for the fiesta. It had been more than two years since a priest had been to their village and they wanted me to come and say Mass for them on their fiesta.

Being a bit human, I hesitated before replying. I was thinking of what a month of almost steady rain had done to the trails. However, the Holy Ghost prodded me! There were souls redeemed by Our Lord—people for whom He had suffered—and I must not hesitate to bring them the graces of the Redemption.

The trip to Aguacate would take five days. I started packing immediately. The luggage was loaded on our mule, and the muleteer went ahead. We left this village on Monday morning, and that day rode as far as the village of Catarina. It lies in what is called the hot country, about five hours from the main mission.

Most of the people in Catarina are Catholics. Many of them wanted to go to confession so as to be able to receive Communion at Mass the next morning. We had a fine supper of chicken, rice, and tortillas, and then heard the confessions. By the light of a Coleman lantern, we said our rosary together.

Early next morning, on the bank of the Saint Catherine River, I offered the Holy Sacrifice as the first rays of the sun heralded a new day. Many Indians received Communion, kneeling on big banana leaves that kept their knees out of the mud.

We were on our way again by eight o'clock, passing quickly through the village of Nenton. As we crossed the shallow river, we paused for the horses to have a drink. We went up a steep grade and through a narrow gorge formed centuries ago by some violent motion of the earth. And then we left

the hills behind and entered a long plain—the home and country of the Chuj Indians. The land between Nenton and Aguacate was inhabited by a large tribe of Indians. Everywhere we could see the ruins of ancient temples that were once magnificent structures. We could see the foundations of what had been homes, and evidences of village sites of the ancient and fabulous Mayan people, who had a rich and glorious civilization long before Christopher Columbus stumbled upon America.

Beyond the village of Chacula, we stopped a few minutes to visit the abandoned and ruined home of a German ethnologist, Gustav Kanter. One room of the house was filled with idols and other paraphernalia used by the Mayas in their worship. I was looking for a little souvenir, but the smallest of the idols must have weighed over a ton. At about five that afternoon, we rode into Aguacate.

During my visit to that village, I baptized forty children, spoke to the people, and tried to teach the whole of the penny catechism to some smart little Indian boys, who would not let me out of their sight for one minute.

"Teach us some more, Padre!" and "What else is there to learn?" were frequent refrains from the small fry during the day. Here were Indians, buried in the mountains, anxious to learn about the Faith. Certainly with such desires in their hearts, even if a Padre can't get to their village as often as he would like to, God must make special provisions for their salvation.

On Thursday morning we left the village and started home. It was raining very heavily; and when we neared Nenton we found that the little brook we had crossed on Tuesday had swollen into a fast-flowing river. There was no bridge. The only thing to do was to say a prayer and give my horse the spurs. I made it to the other side of the river with no difficulty.

But when I turned to see how the boys were getting on, I saw that one lad had been thrown from his horse. The boy was struggling against the strong current in a desperate effort to reach the bank.

The force of the current had bowled over the horse and was carrying it downstream. The boy managed to reach shore, and he crawled up to where I was standing. But the poor horse seemed to be struggling in vain against the force of the current. Several times the raging river rolled him completely. I could hear the saddle cracking as it hit the slimy rocks in the bed of the river.

Twice the valiant animal managed to stand upright — only to be knocked down again and carried

farther downstream by the current. Finally the horse lay motionless in midstream, the water completely covering his body. I thought the poor thing was dead.

It had all happened so quickly that I had not noticed that a crowd was gathering. The river bank was lined with people who had come out to watch the excitement and see if they could

## 60%

of our missioners decided on their vocation after reading *MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR*. When you have read your copy give it to a boy or girl. Your action may be the beginning of a mission career.

help. I was about to ask the policeman to put the poor beast out of its misery. Then all of a sudden the horse was washed ashore. A young man pulled him out by his halter, wet but still alive. The excitement was over almost as quickly as it had begun. With one boy I continued on to the village of Catarina. The other boy was left with the horses, to wait for the mule, carrying the equipment. Before long we all entered Catarina, wet, tired and hungry. Warm tortillas and pitchers of piping-hot chocolate were brought by the villagers. After eating a bit and saying our prayers we stretched out on the straw mats, listening to the rain roll off the thatch roof and beat against the mud walls of the little house.



## WITNESS

ONE DAY when riding in a tramcar, a priest saw a young Chinese workman enter and take the seat in front. With astonishing simplicity, the workman took out his pocket prayer book, made the sign of the cross, and began his evening prayers. He was on his way to work in a night shift. Christ has found in China witnesses who are not ashamed to confess Him before men.

# Let Padri Do It!



BY EDWARD H. JAMES

■ "ENCHOKA!" The cry spread like wildfire. Hoes were dropped; conversations were left hanging in mid-air; people came running from all directions. Rocks, clubs and clods of turf were grabbed on the run. I stopped what I was doing and ran, too.

Coiled near a huge boulder was the cause of the excitement — a large mamba, the deadliest snake in Africa. The viper dared anyone to step within striking range. The natives surrounded the reptile but kept a respectful distance. Now and then one would venture too close — and a spray of poison venom streaked through the air.

"Let the Padri kill the snake!" cried a boy of fourteen. In great relief, the rest took up the cry. Their unanimity was more than I had bargained for, but there was no turning back.

An elder handed me a rock and I threw it. The rock caught the snake in the neck, unloosening its coil and knocking it against the huge boulder. Suddenly all sorts of objects were hurled at the wounded

snake. Time and again, stones and clods of turf found their marks. Finally the reptile gave up all signs of fight, and one of the natives crept close enough to land several blows on the quivering head. When the debris of rocks, sticks, and dirt was removed, we measured the snake. Its length was a little longer than the biggest pole we could find — over ten feet.

During the rainy season, snakes are almost daily visitors. In the months of April, May, and June, the cobra and mamba and puff adder leave the fertile Riff Valley and slowly make their way to the escarpment on which the mission is located.

The people have learned that it pays to run to the mission for help if someone in their village has been bitten by a snake. Our jeep can often get the victim to the hospital in time for the serum to check the flow of poison. But a person bitten by a mamba has no chance of recovery even with serum: death comes within 90 minutes.

Small wonder that the word *enchoka* causes so much excitement.



# Once Upon An Afternoon

BY JOSEPH S. SMITH

■ I WAS in the rectory at Cholchol, Chile, when the doorbell rang. The caller told me that there was a woman in church with a sick baby; she wanted the Padre to come over and baptize her child.

When I saw the condition of the baby, I baptized it with the short form because it was certainly in danger of death. The baby seemed lifeless; the eyes were rolling back in their sockets. This baby needed immediate medical attention.

The catch was that there wasn't a single doctor in Cholchol. Knowing that the baby would die in a matter of moments unless something were done, I became a doctor on the spot. That afternoon proved to be a hard one; we worked over the baby for more than four hours, trying to get the circulation back in its tiny body. At intervals I gave the tot a bit of liquid food, and a wee dose of stimulant.

Occasionally this work was rewarded. We would hear the mite cough or sneeze, or whimper a bit. But there was nothing to assure us that the baby would live.

There was nothing to do but work on and on. Massaging was the only thing that occurred to me as a remedy. I used it for all it was worth.

Once the baby stretched out his small arms as though he were wooing the sandman. He began to

whimper oftener. But none of these encouraging signs lasted long enough to assure us that he was on the way to recovery. Only a soft whimper now and then.

Still the treatment went on, from four in the afternoon until half past seven that evening.

Evening devotions were scheduled to start at half past seven. I knew that the church would be packed, because evening devotions here in Cholchol attract large crowds of the faithful. I told someone to go over to the church to tell the people the reason for the delay, and ask them to wait for a while longer.

We were still going strong at eight o'clock when the baby took a turn. Looking down at the little mite, I was sure that he had fallen asleep. We let him sleep for fifteen minutes, until the bell in the belfry rang. At the sound of the bell, the baby awoke. In fine fashion, he used his lungs to chant what I'd call his thanks to the angels in heaven, who had given back the life of the body that had almost faded away.

My sermon that night was a poorly prepared one, but the people didn't mind. They knew about the sick baby and how he had been brought back from death's door.

A missionary does just about everything.



# GOIN' PLACES

In whatever mission land there is a soul to save, there should go Maryknoll Missioners. The call of Christ, "Going, teach ye all nations,"

urges them on to distant lands — to far-off places — like the Orient, South America, Africa and Central America.

This year more than ever, the need for missionaries to go to the troubled world is a pressing one. For there are devotees of a different gospel, eager to spread their message to peoples over the earth. They preach a creed that is definitely anti-God.

Our departing missionaries are goin' places — to mission lands to counter communism's dogma of fear and hate, with Our Saviour's doctrine of mercy and love. But to start, they need your assistance.



It takes \$500 for the fare and expenses of each departing missionary. Without it, they can go no place. Communism is on the march. Missioners must reach the souls of men first!

If communism is successful, it is not because of what communism has done, but because of what we have failed to do. This is why we offer you this little plan to help our missionaries to go places for Christ and souls. Any portion, no matter how small, of the \$500 will be your share in taking Christ's love to others. If you can't help now, will you kindly recommend the idea to someone else?

## THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

I enclose \$..... to counteract communism and help pay the passage of one Maryknoller to his field of work. I wish him success!

MY NAME.....

MY STREET.....

MY CITY.....Zone.....STATE.....



# PADRE JOSÉ WINS HIS SPURS

He winces as he remembers the time he broke a killer mule.

BY THOMAS P. O'ROURKE

■ I WAS visiting Padre José the other day. And after the recitation of the parish rosary, when the sun had set behind the mountains, when the town had quieted down to await another day, we sat down to talk.

Padre José has been working in this mountain parish for many years. He knew the old folks when they were going to school. He has spent almost a lifetime studying his people, and devising ways and means of serving them.

"In a sense," he said to me, "this country can be called the animal kingdom. Much of the life of the people in these mountains depends on animals. A child, born away off on one of the many ranches in this area, receives baptism only when his parents can get the loan of a few horses and mules to carry the child and the godparents to church. A young man and woman get married when horses are available for the bridal party to make the trip to church. Old folks receive Viaticum if someone rides in to inform me of the sickness.

"I'll never forget my first trip. After a bite to eat at noon, I was in such a hurry to continue on that I didn't bother to check the saddle.

The loose saddle scared the mule I was riding — and I picked up a face full of scratches."

We laughed together, for I had had a similar experience.

"You'd think that I would have learned," continued Father José, "but not me. A few months later, I was over in Santa Teresa Village. When I was leaving I did the same thing, giving the Indians a good laugh at my expense.

"Gradually I learned about riding, I had to. I even got used to riding day after day on the long trips. I got so I could take a nap now and then, while in the saddle.

"Once in Durango, after breakfast, I was walking about the little cemetery, when an old fellow came riding around the corner of the stone wall, leading another animal. He told me that an old woman had been thrown by a mule, and had been dragged quite a way.

"I climbed over the wall and led the way down to the house, where my saddle was. I put the sick-call kit into the saddle bag and swung into the saddle.

"The details of what followed are not too clear to me even now. But I remember that saddle hitting me



like a baseball bat. I dug my spurs into the animal and held on tight. Somewhere in between the wild bucking of the mule and my own chill fear, I heard a young pig squeal in agony when it was struck by a flying hoof.

"Well, the mule soon got tired and settled down to a steady jog. The man who was accompanying me followed at a safe distance, until he saw that everything was under control.

"Every time we came to a hill, I spurred on the mule, to take some of the wind out of it and keep the beast from getting too frisky. Before we got to the woman's house I had completely tamed that mule.

"In the house, I heard the woman's confession and gave her the last rites. I made the return trip

back to the mission without incident.

"When we were nearing the house, my guide spurred his horse and came up beside me. He shouted, 'Padre, I guess you've really won your spurs now!'

"How's that?" I asked.

"He pushed his big hat back on his head and answered, 'That mule you rode up and back is the very same mule that threw and dragged the woman you just anointed this morning.'"

That's the particular charm of visiting a missionary. Regardless of the amount of work that he has done during the day, the missionary is never too tired to talk about his work and experiences when he has the pleasure of a visit from another missionary.

# The Maryknoll Roundup

**Long Side of 60.** "The event of the month here at Aodani, Japan, was a party the parish put on for its oldsters," says Father Joseph W. Sheperd, Maryknoll Missioner from Toledo, Ohio. "All guests had to be on the long side of sixty, and judging from the crowd, our age limit was none too low. The young men's club was in charge of the entertainment. The young ladies served tea and cookies. The amounts consumed assured me that age doesn't affect appetite."



FR. SHEPERD

**Scare.** A recent arrival from Shanghai brought out a report on Maryknoll's Bishop



Bp. WALSH

James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md. Not long ago, Bishop Walsh was called before the Red authorities, who thought they could throw a scare into him. "Do you realize," they asked, "that all the trouble we are having with the Legion of Mary, and the resistance of Catholics to the reformed Church,

is due to you alone?" Bishop Walsh replied with a satisfied grin, "Well, now, I'm very proud of that!" The good bishop's reply stunned the Red officials. That finished their attempt to frighten the prelate. He was sent back to his residence, without further ado.

**No Winter Resort.** "It has become a tradition among Maryknollers studying language in Arequipa, Peru, to teach catechism to the prisoners in the local jail," says Father Rene P. Archambault, Maryknoll Missioner from West Warwick, R.I. "This jail differs quite a bit from those in the States. All offenders, regardless of age, are placed within its walls. Prisoners go barefooted and wear horribly ragged clothes, because the state does not furnish clothing. I'm sure that even the characters of O. Henry would think twice before deciding to spend the winter in a Peruvian jail."



FR. ARCHAMBAULT

**Big Deal.** "There's nothing like the ridiculous, to give a person a conviction deep down in his heart that all men are brothers," says Father

MARYKNOLL

Joseph A. Reinhart, Maryknoll Missioner from Ontario, Canada. "I had finished working in the garden and was washing my hands. As I proceeded to remove the dirt from my fingernails, I heard a little boy yell: 'Come quick! Come and see the Padri cutting off his black fingernails!' All the youngsters who were in the yard crowded around—big grins on their faces. They were amused at the operation which seemed utterly ridiculous to them."



FR. REINHART

**Protection.** "Fire, which started when a five-gallon tin of black-market oil was inadvertently ignited, burned to the ground over 50 refugee shacks, not far from the rectory here in Pusan, Korea," says Father Joseph W. Connors, Maryknoll Missioner from Pittsfield, Mass. "One house in the path of the fire received what I think was miraculous protection. It was the home of Mr. Matthew O, a fervent Catholic who used to be secretary to the late

Bishop Sauer (killed by the Reds). The neighborhood was agog over this event. One of my Christians told me that even the non-Catholics in the neighborhood were sure they knew why it happened. The pagans commented, 'His house was protected because he is an ardent believer and an excellent man.'"

**Jupiter's Fall.** In his spare time, Father William J. Downs, Maryknoller from Erie, Pa., a veteran of many years devoted service as procurator in Hong Kong, has added a homemade planetarium to his orrery. Using a scale of 1/30 of an inch to a million miles, he got the planets within the space of his room. The other night, in the wee hours, he was startled out of sleep by the thud of a falling object. He feared that Jupiter had fallen off its frame. But it proved to be only his old sun helmet, shaken off his bedpost when he rolled over, trying to find a soft spot in his ancient mattress.



FR. DOWNS



## Young Men

who wish to apply to enter Maryknoll this fall to prepare to be priests or Brothers, should write now to:

Vocation Director  
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.



Pack up the medicines,  
and off to the jungle!

To MARYKVOLL SISTERS  
Foreign Mission S...  
MA...





Ever see a Sister behind a transit?  
A two-year college course prepared  
these Sisters for mission building.

■ LIKE ALL missionaries, Maryknoll Sisters must be able to turn their hands to any job that needs doing.

The missionary must help people in body as well as in soul. Practical knowledge in everything from mechanics to medicine is useful. No talent is wasted; every talent finds useful outlets.

A nurse who sews, a teacher who cooks, a catechist who tinkers with hammer and nails — these are *real* missionaries.

AUGUST, 1953

# WOMEN AT WORK

A PHOTO STORY ON

MARYKNOLL SISTERS



Story Hour



## **VIOLIN, HORSE, STORYBOOK...?**

■ **NO MATTER!** They are all tools to win souls for Christ.

Spanish, Chinese, English, Korean or Singhal-ese—each sounds different but the story is the same.

Every day has twenty-four full hours; no two days are alike. Mission life is a challenge.



Sister Ruth Patrice, a nurse from St. Louis, provides background music (above) for a Bolivian wedding party. In Nicaragua, Brooklyn's Sister Virginia Therese sees Hawaii's Sister Rose Damien start a mission trip.





Sister Rose Francis, of St. Louis, shows novices how to cut out a habit. Sister Pierre (right), of Rochester, N. Y., is known for her mission art.

■ A LIFE LINE to the missionaries in the field is essential. The home front needs writers, office workers and craftsmen of all kinds.

At Maryknoll, Sisters can be found in workshops, kitchens, offices and chapels.

The Sisters write geography books, pack mission supplies, answer telephones and dabble in amateur photography. Some are secretaries, some are artists, some are editors.

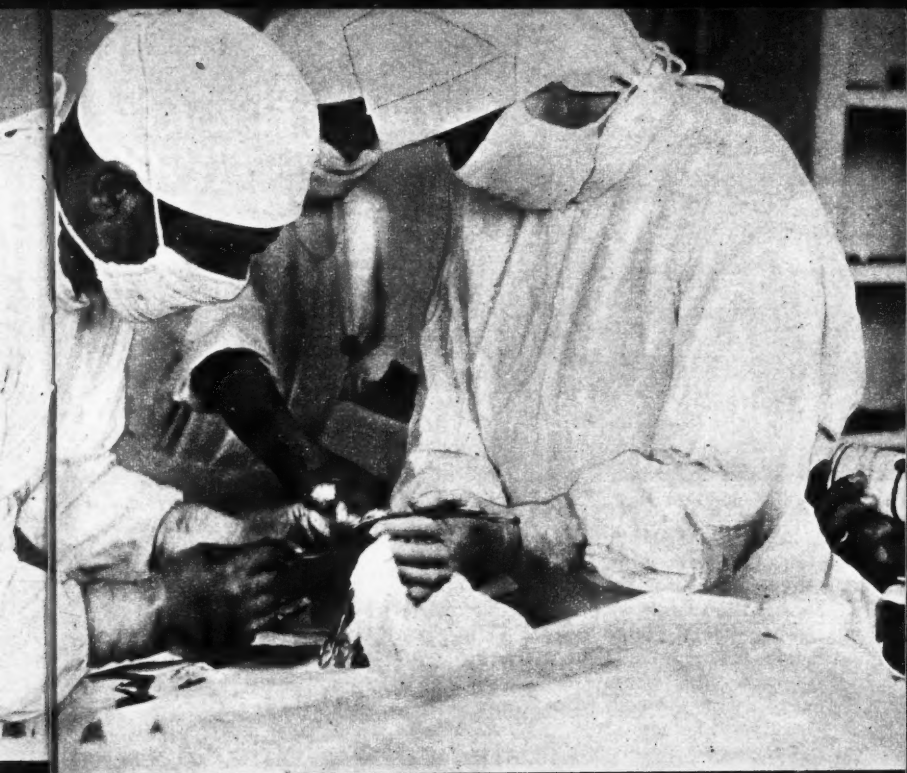
Maryknoll's apostolate of the pen and brush dates back to the early, early days of the Society, when the Sisters' first work was to help rouse America to the mission call. Mother Mary Joseph's first assignment from Bishop James Anthony Walsh was to prepare mission pictures for publication.

Since that time the Maryknoll Sisters have contributed much to America's mission literature.



Medical aid is the key to many hearts. Maryknoll's doctors and nurses reach thousands in Korea, Ceylon, Bolivia, Africa, the Philippines and our own America. However, missionaries first must learn the language well (lower right) if they are to succeed. Only then can they attempt to heal souls.







## CHINA REDS KILL MARYKNOLL BISHOP!

America was shocked at the news:— Bishop Ford, dead at the hands of the Chinese Communists. Here, in a biography by an old friend, Bishop Lane, and combined with Bishop Ford's own writings, is the inspiring portrayal of this humble American bishop.

**STONE IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY**  
\$3.50

### CALVARY IN CHINA

"Kill him! Kill him!" screamed the mob. For years they were Father Greene's good neighbors, now driven mad by Red lies. Condemned to die by beheading, Father Greene was finally driven from China. Here, in one of the finest books ever to come out of that tortured land, Father Greene tells his heroic tale.

**CALVARY IN CHINA** \$3.50

*The Adventures of* **PANCHO OF PERU** is another exciting novel by Father Nevins concerning two boys and their unequal struggles amid the mystery of Peru's Andes. **\$2.75**

*A* **MODERN MARTYR** is the beautiful story of Blessed Theophane Venard who was beheaded in Indo-China, a book of inspiration and love for Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. **\$1.50**

*ACCENT ON LAUGHTER* is the gay life story of a Maryknoller in South China who founded a home for Dead End Kids. **\$1.50**

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# Waters Flow for Christy

BY JOHN J. DREW

■ CHRISTY is one of those rare persons whom a priest has the good fortune to meet occasionally in this valley of tears. Her fine educational background accentuates the refined aspects of her cultural inheritance. At the same time, an innate realization of her place as a member of the human race squashes any stand-offish tendencies that arise within her.

Although Christy was only recently baptized, here in Chang Hua, on Formosa, her fine and deep spirituality has evoked strong admiration from the older members of this Christian community.

Christy can laugh at life and at herself (that competence having sprung from the fact that she was once told by her wrinkled old Chinese grandmother never to take life seriously because she would not get out of it alive). This humor makes the daily routine a bit more pleasant and bearable for her and for the other members of the parish. And her untarnished sincerity and tenacious single-mindedness inspire her fellow Christians to be more Christ-like in their own lives.

She was playing no Thespian role on the day of her call to the supernatural life through the medium of the sacrament of baptism, when she fasted until after the ceremony,

which took place late in the day. She wanted to make that day a complete success by receiving Holy Communion after baptism. The Bread of Angels has come into her heart daily since then. The magnificent result of a constant influx of grace has manifested itself in an extraordinary manner in her everyday life. She makes a perfect blend of Christian principles with business acumen, to keep her standards on a high plane.

Perhaps in her pagan past, Christy may have been in the marriage market. At some distant day, God may call her to salvation through the medium of the sacrament of matrimony. But for the present Christy is giving herself unselfishly to the work of the Church as a member of that great lay apostolate whose work is especially effective in lands where many persons have not even heard of Christ.

There is no doubt that by her prayerful attitude and good example Christy is in a very positive manner bearing Christ to many souls in the market place, in the shops and in the homes.

Formosan Christophers of this type give the missionary an outlook that is very bright indeed for the growth of the Catholic Church on the beautiful island of Taiwan.



# THE MILLION MEN OF SHANTYTOWN

The refugee (opposite) is just one of two million. Here is a ready-made problem for Hong Kong's Catholic organizations.

BY PAUL DUCHESNE

■ POLICE COMMISSIONER MacIntosh said recently that Hong Kong has the densest refugee population per square mile in the world. The official spoke with British understatement, for his words give no idea of the terrific totality of human misery that covers this tiny British outpost in the China sea.

Of the almost two million people who have fled to the asylum of Hong Kong from the tyranny of Red China, perhaps one half have ways to eke out a living. At the most, one hundred thousand can be considered well off. Three hundred thousand live in huts constructed of straw, rusty tin and tar paper. Two hundred thousand are crowded ten

and more in six-foot wide rooms that compel sleep to be taken in shifts. Ten thousand refugees, including whole families, are sleeping on the streets, in alleys, in doorways and on roofs of buildings.

This influx of refugees has placed a heavy strain on the charitable facilities of Hong Kong, and it is to the credit of the British that these people were admitted to the Colony despite the problems and burdens they brought with them.

Every Catholic agency in Hong Kong has gone all out to assist in improving the lot of the Chinese who have sacrificed everything for freedom. It is the purpose of this article to outline what Catholics



are doing to assist the millions who are crowded into Hong Kong's new shantytowns which have sprung up all over. This article aims to show the corporal works of mercy in action.

The Catholic Welfare Committee, the main charitable agency, was organized as "a service to the people, through the Bishops and priests." It was set up also to represent donor agencies abroad, such as War Relief Services of N.C.W.C.

Under its program of direct relief, the Committee helps with food, rent, hospital bills and so on. Education is a bit of a luxury when people are sick and hungry all about us, when thousands sleep on

the streets. Ready-made opportunities to help include buying a coffin for an impoverished refugee family that suffered bereavement; purchasing seed grain for a farmer who can't plant a crop for lack of it; paying the fee for a hawker's license for a beggar who wants to start to earn his own way.

But the Catholic Welfare Committee branches out beyond these obvious needs. It runs an employment agency, getting jobs and giving guarantees to employers. Traveler's aid helps people to get on to where job opportunities are better. Our information service answers questions of those who need help in dealing with immigration

or consulate problems. The lost and found department helps someone find an old friend in this Hong Kong beehive.

In the medical field, the Committee provides introductions to doctors and hospitals, helps open and support clinics, pays bills and purchases supplies.

In the educational field, we do not pay tuition but we do pay board for as many students as possible. We help provide scholarships, passports and visas; furnish letters of recommendation; help support a student hostel.

The Committee has tried in every way to second the efforts of those who have helped the housing problem among the refugees in Hong Kong.

The Committee has done what it could toward the establishment of the many Catholic community centers established in the Colony during the past year for refugees.

During the year 3,517 bales of clothing were received and distributed through more than 40 points. Three shipments of medicines, worth \$15,000, were given out. One gift of 150 food parcels was spread out among that many families in very short order.

In the promotion field the Catholic Committee has tried to help tell the China story, has tried to give the outside world an adequate picture of the refugee problem in Hong Kong.

For missionaries expelled from China we started the border patrol. A member of the Committee is on duty at the border to greet the expellees, secure transportation, housing,

medical help and suitable clothing. The great joy of the expelled priests, Brothers and Sisters over the work of this border patrol is one of our principal sources of satisfaction and consolation.

We are most grateful to the many who have seconded our efforts. Without the constant co-operation of priests and Sisters, as well as of the many organizations in Hong Kong, our work would have been immeasurably less effective.

HOWEVER, the Catholic Welfare Committee is only one part of the Church's setup in Hong Kong. Few dioceses where the Church has been flourishing for centuries have a more vibrant Catholic life or a more complete program than Hong Kong. There are 260 priests belonging to seventeen societies, 68 religious Brothers and 467 Sisters working in Hong Kong. They come from more than 25 nations; this is God's UN in action.

There are fourteen regular parish churches and sixty-three mission stations where daily Mass is said. These churches serve some 44,000 Catholics plus several thousand more among the uncounted hundreds of thousands of refugees. Hundreds are under instruction. Last year there were more than four thousand baptisms recorded in Hong Kong.

Much of this increase can be attributed to the restlessness in the hearts of the people caused by the unsettled times. But in large measure the growth must be credited to the vigor of Catholic activity.

The Catholic diocese of Hong



The author gets first-hand information on which families need help most.

Kong has a magnificent framework of institutions, organizations and religious activities.

A Carmel and a Trappist monastery are its powerhouses of prayer. In the silence of their cloisters, the nuns and priests — all Chinese — by their hours of daily prayer and nightly vigils bring down God's blessings upon those more directly engaged in God's vineyard.

Five hospitals and ten dispensaries handle thousands of in-patients and tens of thousands of out-patient cases every year. Our hospitals rate with the best. No nursing Sister ever misses a chance to plant the first seeds of God's revelation in the hearts of her patients.

Twenty-eight schools give 23,000 pupils an education that includes a knowledge of God. The rating of



Maryknoll's Father Stephen Edmonds, of Cambridge, Mass., is pastor of this mission for refugees which Cardinal Spellman (foreground) visited.

our schools is the highest; all competitive exams find our pupils out in front. City-wide debates and athletic contests find our boys and girls in first or second place.

Five Catholic orphanages command the respect of visiting social workers and welfare authorities. The old people's home conducted by the Sisters has not even a runner-up.

One of the oldest established organizations of the diocese is the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Its uninterrupted activities over 75 years have won for it the respect of the Government and of all secular charitable organizations.

Only last year this society of lay men distributed \$146,000, at a cost of \$378. No other organization under the sun can equal this rock-bottom percentage for administra-

tion. Only God can total the thousands of hours given to the poor by these men. Unobtrusively but effectively, they strive for the sanctification of their members by taking a personal interest in the poor.

Except in the homes of the poor, these men are almost unheard-of. They are unseen save in the month of December when they hold their annual Rose Day and bazaar.

Another unit that takes a real interest in the unfortunate is the group of some 150 ladies of British, French, American, Portuguese and Dutch nationality, who devote themselves to a variety of charitable works. Their interest is in the wayward girl, the stray orphan, the sick refugee in a hut, the jobless man, the baby that needs adoption — all of these arouse them to action.

In addition, they have regular programs that include three refugee camp dispensaries, visits to hospitals, periodic parties for orphanages, clothing and milk drives, knitted-goods drives. These women have warm hearts and willing hands.

Another service that the diocese provides is the Catholic Center. This compact institution answers the desires of the faithful. It serves as a contact point for outsiders seeking information on all things Catholic. The chapel is conveniently located in the downtown section. In the Center's library, assemblies and meetings succeed one another; more often than not, two are going on at the same time.

A practical feature of the Center is its translation service. Here can be found people equipped to translate from any language ranging from Hindustani through European and Asiatic languages down to a remote Chinese dialect.

CROWDED into tiny offices is Hong Kong's vigorous Catholic Press. It is a respected power in the Colony. Catholic weeklies come out both in English and in Chinese. The Catholic Truth Society does yeoman work in providing a steady stream of translation into Chinese, of apologetic literature from all over the world.

Certainly of interest here and a great help to the outside world (judging from the correspondence) is the China Missionary Bulletin. This publication has served these many years as a clearing house for information on the Church in China.

AUGUST, 1953

Schools turn away 50,000 yearly for lack of space.







**Ten thousand homeless — whole families among them — sleep in back alleys.**

A conglomerate of youth activities covers every imaginable field. Nine troops of Boy Scouts, two of Girl Guides; poor boys' and girls' clubs in every school, shoe shine boys' clubs — all these little organizations keep the Catholic Students' Association busy.

Hong Kong is a bit weak in the hostel field. Hostels are just numerous enough to make their importance known and their lack felt.

There are some 35 Chinese and 28 English-speaking branches of the Legion of Mary. Proof positive of the appeal of this work is the fact that so many leaders have come forth. A full activity report on what they have accomplished is far and away beyond the scope of this article.

The Chinese Catholic Club has

always been in the forefront of welfare campaigns for the benefit of the less fortunate. This club is a chunk of yeast in the dough. Till now the temperature never seems to have been right to set the dough rising. The members have the ideals and talents. Someone holds the match that when struck will really make this club click.

Three Catholic Portuguese clubs are active organizations in our midst. To meet a current need — aid to Portuguese nationals forced out of Shanghai — they have organized relief, which has been sent to the camp in Macao. Within the ranks of these clubs are Portuguese doctors who give very generously of their time and talents to serve the sick poor.



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NOLL



**Refugee children run from strangers but not from Father Lynch's cookies.**

Three major seminaries and one minor seminary dot the Hong Kong hillsides. These are fully ample for present needs. More buildings are not needed—those who went before had the foresight to provide facilities.

But those buildings are far from filled.\* Hong Kong needs vocations from among Chinese boys and girls. Each of the Sisterhoods has but a handful of candidates. Catholic girls' schools are staffed with hundreds of lay teachers. The number of Chinese Fathers and Brothers is entirely too small. If there is one weak spot in the Catholic life of Hong Kong, it is the amount of native vocations.

Hong Kong Catholics are concentrating on the problem in the

Colony: refugees. All of the many organizations on the island are doing their utmost to discover and apply solutions to the problems of these desperate people. But the task of giving adequate help to the homeless and the hungry is far beyond the reach of Hong Kong Catholics. They need our help in showing these refugees the great heart of the Catholic Church which sympathizes with and wants to help all who are in misery and want. Hong Kong Catholics invite Catholics from all over the world to come to their assistance in helping the refugees find a better way of life, one more consistent with human dignity; one more in keeping with the fact that the refugees are members of the human family.



# Out of the Mixing Pot

Suppose the rats took an interest in the barefooted first-graders?

BY FRANCIS J. ASSENMACHER

■ TAKE what is left of an old building that didn't collapse in the earthquake of 1939, add some makeshift desks, 250 children of all sizes and descriptions, three native teachers, two Maryknoll Sisters. Mix them all together, and you have Saint Vincent's Parish School.

When Maryknollers first came to Chillan, Chile, in 1943, most of the people here were nominal Catholics. They had been without shepherds for such a long period of time that they had lost the habit of living like Catholics. Only thirty persons attended Sunday Mass when Maryknollers first took over the guidance of the parish. Mass was said in a shack that remained after the church crumbled in the earthquake.

The first step in the program was the construction of a new church; it was completed a few years ago. The next step, a continuous one, was the building of solidly Catholic family life among the people. Symp-

tomatic of progress in this direction is the fact that Mass attendance on Sunday has increased to well over a thousand.

Step three began last year when the pastor, Father Walker, decided it was time we started building for the future. Few children were attending Mass. There were catechism classes for the youngsters, but they represented only a hit-and-miss solution to the problem.

If there is a recipe for constructing a parochial school by waving a magic wand, Father Walker would like to hear about it. He began with the old building that had been used as a church. He decided that that would serve as a start. Fortunately, the Maryknoll Sisters were able to take charge of the school.

Saint Vincent's isn't much to look at. The building once had an east wing, but it collapsed in the earthquake; all that is left of the wing is a jagged wall. We did not

have any money for desks but managed to get hold of some makeshift ones that will serve for the present. All the desks are different sizes, and some of our Juanitas and Miguels and Marios have difficulty in looking over the tops of their desks. But the children are delighted with their school.

Some friendly rats live under the floor boards, and Sister Philip John is in dread that some day one of the rats may take an interest in the toes of her barefooted first-grade girls. To date no casualties have been reported.

Although we haven't a fine school building, we are confident that we are accomplishing our purpose, which is to bring the children of the parish closer to Christ. Our little Alonzos and Silvias and Luisas are learning not only their three R's, but also about their guardian angels and about a little Boy once born in Bethlehem.

The Maryknoll Sisters have a way of getting results. They took over the school in March. It wasn't long before the children's Mass on Sunday was a sight to delight a pastor's heart. It's a wonderful thing to know that these youngsters are getting into the habit of putting God into their lives.

We expect a lot from our school. The hope of Chile's future is native vocations. In years to come we think that vocations will come from our school. Some of the boys have told me that they want to become priests. I told them that, many years ago in the United States, there was a boy who wanted to become a priest. I was that boy.

AUGUST, 1953



## NO STRINGS

**A STRINGLESS GIFT** is one which you send to Maryknoll to be used as we see fit for the most pressing and urgent need at the moment on any of the four continents where Maryknoll is established. It is the kind of gift we like — no strings.

The mission fields and Maryknoll in the U.S.A. have many emergency needs arising out of the nature of our work. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift stringless. We prefer such.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**

## EDITORIAL:

# PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU

■ A MAN who preaches the Catholic religion to any group of people must tell them a lot about heaven. That is not a hard thing to do. But whether it is hard to listen and to put into action the program laid down by Christ is a question that depends materially on the dispositions of the hearers. They may be reasonably close to such a forward step or they may be miles and aeons removed from it. That means that the operation will take longer, but it does not in any way alter the nature of the problem.

"The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Can't you see that when that happened, all your ills were powerfully relieved, your sorrows transmuted, your questions answered; your whole life no longer resembled the gropings of a worm, but was straightway transformed into the march of a man?

If you see, yours is but to ask: "Where is He, that I may find Him? How press close and cling to Him? What am I to pledge and do and give, that He may look upon me and receive me and bless and shepherd me and mine?"

But if you can't see the effects of Christ's coming, then we have a prescription for you. The more opaque and obdurate you are, the more attention you will get. The more difficult and demanding you find the heavenly message, the more you need it. So you will have more time and labor allotted to you; more charity, more ingenious means of every sort will be lavished on your case. And when your sight has finally been improved by generations of missionary sweat and blood, you will see and know a great deal more about Christ and what He can mean to you, than you do now.

PERHAPS you would be helped by some corollary information about the present world, while you are pondering the problems of the hereafter. You have to live, not only forever, but in the here-and-now as well. We have something pertinent to tell you in this connection. It may not be quite what you expect, but it is very germane to your purpose. The truth about the next world determines a great deal about this one in principle, and practice.



## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Looking at our cover, you can almost hear a tired voice repeating, "Don't put that in your mouth." It's a command that's heard in families with a million dollars' worth of shelter, and heard also from the mother of the two tots on our cover. The home of this Chinese refugee family in Hong Kong is the street.

Christ's revelation consists in justice, charity, forgiveness, peace, purity, and the possession of God. If these are even halfway applied to human life, they are bound by their very nature to make a semiparadise of this world. However, there is a gap in your path here instead of a bridge — may as well confess it — for principle is not practice. This portion of the two-world program is a stubborn little business that lags behind the promulgation and even the ready acceptance of the basic truth. The result to you is a sort of minor tragedy — a major disaster from the mission point of view. We cannot show you a world of order and peace and brotherhood as the visible, tangible fruit of the Christian religion. All we can do is show you something almost as good.

THERE IS a principle that contains the new and better world in germ; and it is one that only the Christian religion has maintained and insisted upon, all through history. The dignity and the worth of the individual is a doctrine unknown, unsung, unhonored, wherever and whenever Christ is unknown. Does this surprise you? Do I mean that the tiniest, most insignificant, most infinitesimal unit of all humanity has worth? Do I mean the luckless pawn of all the ages — even as you and I — has dignity? That can't be, you say. The individual is less than an ant; even the whole public body is nobody. It has been that way from time immemorial, for all who do not know Christ. But the worth and dignity of the individual has been a commonplace and a pre-

AUGUST, 1953

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

cious heritage to the whole Christian world for over nineteen hundred years.

you can seek and choose. You can grope around among all the various systems — two worlds, one world, slave world, animal world — that bid for your allegiance. And may you grope your way to the right one. But please remember: It is the characteristic of all other systems to trample over the individual in order to attain some defective aim of human devising. It is the characteristic of Christianity to exalt the individual, while attaining the most exalted of all aims at the same time.

— Bishop James E. Walsh



# ARE YOU THIS MARYKNOLL SISTER?

**... COULD BE!**

She carries the name and love of God to the most desolate places on earth. She teaches the children and cheers the grown-ups. She brings comfort to the aged and medicine for the sick.

American Catholics help to support her. They share in her work and in her rewards. Through her, they are missionaries in the truest sense of the word.

YOU, too, can sponsor a Sister. By sending a regular sum every month, you make her work your own.

*Maryknoll Sisters are in:*

**ASIA:** Korea  
Japan  
China  
Ceylon  
Philippines

**LATIN AMERICA:** Chile  
Peru  
Panama  
Nicaragua  
Bolivia

**AFRICA:** Tanganyika  
**INDIAN OCEAN:** Mauritius  
**PACIFIC OCEAN:** Hawaii  
Marshall Islands  
Caroline Islands  
and in the **UNITED STATES**

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**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

I would like to help you in your work. Here is \$.....toward that end.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

P.S. Please send me a reminder each month. I'm apt to forget otherwise.



■ I SAW an interesting but sad sight from the rectory window here in Soloma, Guatemala, as I watched an Indian woman performing her pagan rites in the two lean-tos that are in front of the church.

About sixty feet from the entrance to the church is the first lean-to. Under it is a pile of stones blackened by fire. Twenty feet from this is another lean-to, with another pile of fire-blackened stones. Fifteen feet farther on is the base of a tall cross.

I watched the Indian lady approach the first lean-to, face to the east, and with her right hand make the sign of the cross slowly. She held in her left hand a chalice-shaped clay pot (called a *pichacha*), containing little pieces of rosen wood. After making the sign of the cross, she took a few steps to the left, so that she faced the church with her back to the lean-to. In this position she made a deep bow and another sign of the cross.

Then quickly she went under the lean-to, faced the cross, and repeated the ritual ceremonies. Having finished these preliminaries, she slowly knelt down. Then she threw copal (a sort of incense made from the bark of a tree that grows in very hot valleys) on top of the rosen wood, which she ignited.

After praying for maybe five minutes, she left the first lean-to and went to the second. There she repeated the ceremony of kneeling and throwing incense. Under the second lean-to, she prayed for perhaps twenty minutes. She did not always kneel upright; occasionally she sat back on her heels.

# The Woman Outside My Door

BY EDWARD J. McGUINNESS

To whom was the Indian woman praying? Under the first lean-to, she prayed to San Pedro — not the one we know. Her San Pedro is a really powerful witch doctor. Under the second lean-to, she prayed to the spirit that she believes the large cross contains.

For what was she praying? Today to her is *ik*, for she follows the Mayan calendar. It has eighteen months plus a five-day sacred period. On *ik*, Mayas pray to the spirit — a kind of superman, not a spirit as we understand the word — who is in charge of the present year. Her prayer was that the spirit would free her from any curse that living witch doctors had put on her.

Her ritual completed, she left the second lean-to, and repeated the ceremonies in reverse.

It was an interesting sight because it was so different; it was sad because this lady with all her sincerity would make a wonderful Christian, were she to understand Christ and His Church.



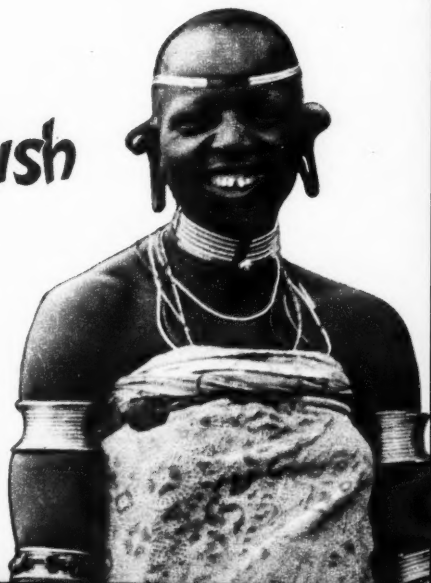


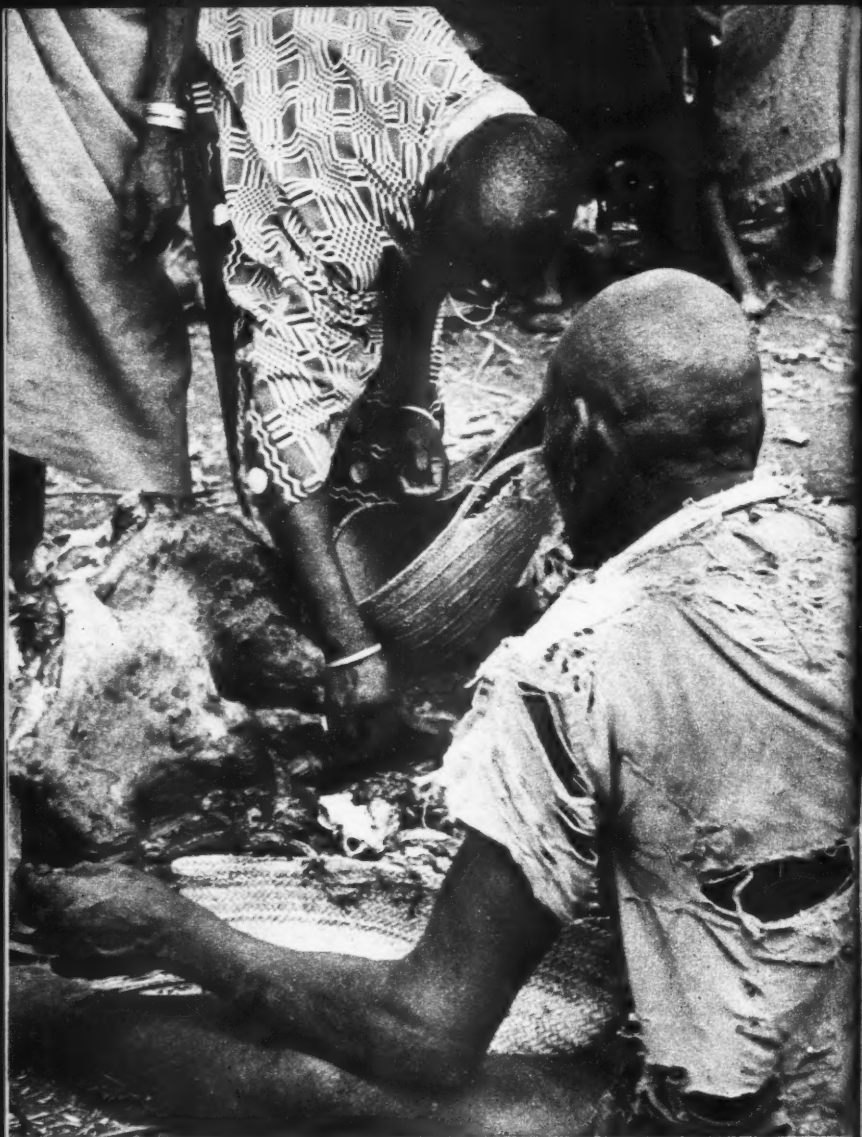
Market day is a chance to gossip with old friends. Business can wait.

## Market Day in the Bush

■ BACK COUNTRY market day is a colorful sight for the visitor to Africa. Men and women of the native tribes come out in all their finery. The people pictured in this story belong to the Bakuria tribe, one of the most colorful in East Africa. Their market, held outdoors, is a riot of color, sound and odors. For the visitor, it provides a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

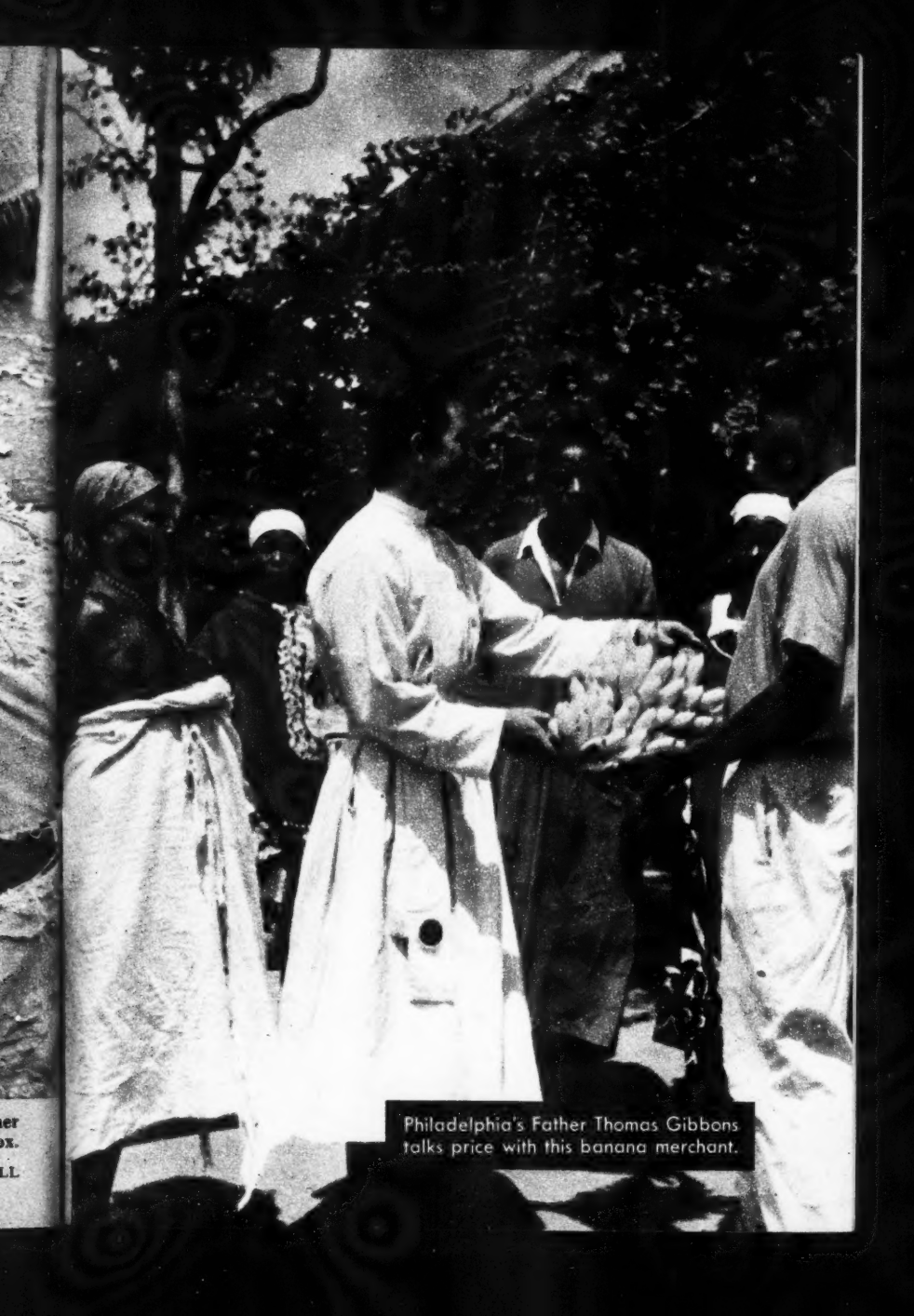
AUGUST, 1953





This open-air butcher shop is hardly sanitary but that doesn't bother the housewife who haggles for the delicacies from the head of an ox.

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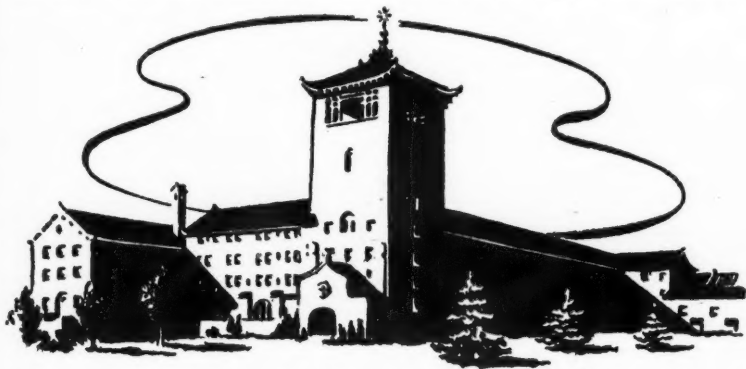
Philadelphia's Father Thomas Gibbons  
talks price with this banana merchant.



The African market offers goods of every type from food to mirrors to cloth. This fezzed hawker sells shotgun shells guaranteed to explode.

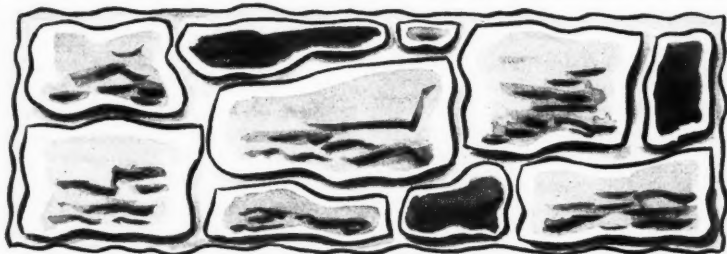


## MARYKNOLL SEMINARY—WE HAVE NO CHAPEL!



The crowning feature of the Maryknoll Seminary will be the chapel. The Maryknoll Seminary, which prepares young Americans to be foreign missionaries and sends them to labor in China, Japan, Korea, Formosa, Africa, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, has no church of its own.

### WILL YOU OWN A STONE IN OUR CHAPEL WALL?



*Mark your initials on what you take. Your gift will raise our chapel walls.*

- ☐ I WOULD LIKE TO SEND \$.....EACH MONTH FOR STONES.  
PLEASE SEND ME A MONTHLY REMINDER.
- ☐ I ENCLOSE \$.....FOR STONES.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**



# Keeping the Boy from The Priesthood

BY ARTHUR F. ALLIE

**A closed door doesn't necessarily mean a locked one.**

■ THE CHILEAN BOY has the Latin's love of fun and response to kindness. In his early teens, he has a reverence for holy things, especially the Virgin. At this period in his life, many a boy in Chile has the idea of becoming a priest. But the thought doesn't remain with him long. What would he look like in a cassock? How his friends would laugh!

Social demarcations are sharp in Chile. If a boy comes from a poor family, disadvantages dog his steps through life. He is one of many and cannot hope for much of this world's goods. The economic condition of his parents casts a pall over the home. Uppermost in the minds of his parents is the struggle for enough to eat. In the battle for food, many things go by the board. The boy receives good home training only if his parents set him a good example.

After a few years of primary schooling, the poor boy must look

for a job. He may apprentice himself to a tailor and sit in a dim, ill-ventilated room, learning to stitch. Or he may run errands for a broker and earn barely enough to buy his clothes. He tries many jobs before settling into his life's work.

There is little to keep him home in the evenings. He finds his way to the street and his gang. He learns to steal and acquires a vocabulary of street terms.

By contrast, the boy from a rich family is a bit spoiled. He gets his way with Mama and enjoys a good time. He's polite, not overly pious, but goes to church if the rest of the family do. He may even learn how to serve Mass. He likes it for a while. But he, too, is growing up and his companions make fun of him for serving Mass. Whether this gives him a tighter hold on his love for the altar, depends on his home training.

Chile has many fine Catholic fam-

ilies. But in spite of this, there is still a woeful shortage of vocations. What seems to be the difficulty?

Part of the story is the subtle but powerful campaign against the clergy, by those who hate and despise the Church. The startling fact is that some Catholics are tinged with this anticlericalism. This is a strange anomaly, indeed, but one that must be faced.

A Chilean boy or girl must have real courage to enter the religious life. There are so many off-color jokes about priests and nuns. The boys dread the prospect of wearing the cassock and clerical hat in the streets. There's a sinking feeling in their hearts, every time they hear rowdies make slurring remarks about a priest's garb.

Another sad factor is that many people are afraid to talk to a priest. To them, he is a man in the back-

ground, to be called upon only for baptism, matrimony and burial. Other than that, he has little contact with the people. For these reasons many parents oppose the wishes of their sons to become priests. This

opposition can be fierce.

However, conditions are improving. Time, good example and generous doses of patience are beginning

to produce results. Priests are beginning to set the pace, mixing with the young, understanding their problems — proving that they are not the shy, pietistic, sacristy characters popular slander describes, but men aware of current events.

The Chilean boy looks up to a leader and is quick to recognize one. His heart may be closed to a vocation but it is not locked. Grace and cultivation will open that heart as surely as they have the hearts of boys the world over.

#### THE HAIRDRESSER'S,

**the dentist's reception room, or a bus seat, is a good spot to leave this magazine when you have read it. Others will benefit from your copy.**

### INDY ANN MEETS A WHIFFLE BIRD

BY PAULI



# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

A personal letter is a sort of portrait of the heart of a friend; here are a few portraits of the hearts of some of our friends.

### More on the Hippo

You left an important fact-out of your article on the hippopotamus. The hippo stays under water only about five or six minutes until he must come to the surface to breathe. This emerging and submerging is quite automatic, and goes on even during sleep. When the carbon dioxide reaches a certain proportion in the hippo's blood, something goes off inside of him and he automatically comes up for air. The hippopotamus can also walk around the bottom of a lake.

R. T. HUDSON

New York City

### Skippy's Friends

I am a pupil from Holy Spirit School. I am in the fifth grade. In our class we have a mission club called "Skippy's Little Mission Helpers." We got the name from Bishop Sheen's former angel, Skippy. Wednesday afternoons we have our meetings. Our dues is five cents. We discuss how to raise money for the missions. Have you any ideas?

CAROL SUE AYRES

Asbury Park, N. J.

### Prayer of Thanks

Enclosed find one dollar. I promised God that if he would soften my husband's heart and let me take my three children, 17, 18 and 20 years, to church with me,

I would send a dollar a week to you to help other souls. God in his goodness heard my prayer of twenty years. They wanted to go with me all these years and are so happy that we can all go to church together. Please publish this letter but omit my name. If people only knew the things God will do for you, if you help others less fortunate than yourself. Now I'm going to ask God to please give my husband Faith, so that he, too, will know happiness.

NAME WITHHELD

Dayton, Ohio

### "To Pity Distress . . ."

My youngest son who is 21 years old was severely wounded in Korea. He is in a hospital in Japan and is slowly recovering. War is a terrible evil. For many years I have prayed that some organization would be formed where nations could settle their differences rationally. The United Nations was the answer, but it looks like that will fail. I hope that this is not so. . . . This I believe: "To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is Godlike."

EDWARD A. A. NELSON

Detroit, Mich.

### Object Lesson

My five-year-old grandson spent a few weeks with us. While here he looked at

your magazine. When he came to a picture of a little Chinese boy crying, he asked me why. I explained that the poor boy didn't have anything to eat. After he returned home his mother and father became quite concerned because after every meal he left food on his plate saying: "Daddy, will you send this food to the poor little Chinese children who don't have anything to eat?"

MRS. JOSEPH CAPPELLANTI  
Morgantown, W. Va.

### A Suggestion

The shelves of town libraries are open to every sort of useful and interesting book and magazine. Why not give library users a chance to learn something about the missions? An excellent opportunity to help the mission cause would be for your readers to take their finished copies of Maryknoll—The Field Afar to their local libraries.

REV. JOSEPH SHIELDS  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

### Little Sister

I am ten years old. The money I am enclosing I received from my share of a litter of rabbits I sold. I would have sent it sooner but I have been busy picking prunes. We finished the first shaking a week ago and are working on the second. I earned \$14.35 the first time.

My smallest sister Jeannie Kae, who is eighteen months old, is, I believe, very intelligent for her age. She speaks many words and can make The Sign of The Cross by herself. She will not eat a meal without saying grace, and loves all animals. She has brown eyes and red hair. She and my next smallest sister are the only ones in my family with red hair.

STEPHEN WOOD  
Napa, Calif.

AUGUST, 1953

### Religious Tolerance

You may like to know that I am a Protestant of the Methodist Church in my home town. My mother taught her children to respect all religious beliefs and I do not forget her teachings. I think yours a worthy and worthwhile cause. I am a retired teacher and am 83 years old. I shall send two dollars each month towards the support of a missionary.

NAME WITHHELD  
Nebraska

### Tender Conscience

The full page picture of the starving Korean boy in your June issue was the last straw for me. Please cancel my subscription. Every human has enough trouble in his own life without having you bring misery into their homes every month. It may be the calling of your priests and Sisters to take care of the poor and the sick but I for one don't want to hear any more about it.

NAME WITHHELD  
Los Angeles

### The Other Side

I want to tell you how much I appreciate your magazine. It has been an inspiration to me many times. I am a writer and have been in some of the places your missionaries are and I am familiar with some of their difficulties. Here at home I have been down to my last crust of bread trying to carve out a career. At such times your magazine always seemed to be at hand to give me reassurance. Now I have my career underway, but I am still looking to The Field Afar when I want a lift. You have my best wishes. I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who feel as I do.

RICHARD H. TURK  
Portland, Ore.

# Maryknoll Want Ads

IN HONG KONG, thousands of destitute Chinese refugees depend on us. We depend on you. \$5 will provide for a refugee for a month.

IN AFRICA, Mass candles can burn one full year for your intention. Cost, \$25.

IN CHILE, \$5 will provide one school bench or 50 catechisms. Which will your \$5 give?

IN JAPAN, \$500 is required for medicine for the poor. Any part is welcome.

IN PERU, \$180 will purchase a portable organ for St. Rose of Lima Church.

IN KOREA, everyone is hungry, but children suffer most. Help us lessen their misery. \$5 supports a child for one month.

IN BOLIVIA, three altar missals are needed at \$25 each. Interested?

IN MEXICO, the Cozumel church can be repaired for \$250. Complete this house of God.

IN GUATEMALA, a catechist who speaks the Indian dialects can be supported for \$15 a month. Can you spare that much?

IN THE PHILIPPINES, three damaged Maryknoll churches can be made usable at a cost of \$1,000 each. Will you help?



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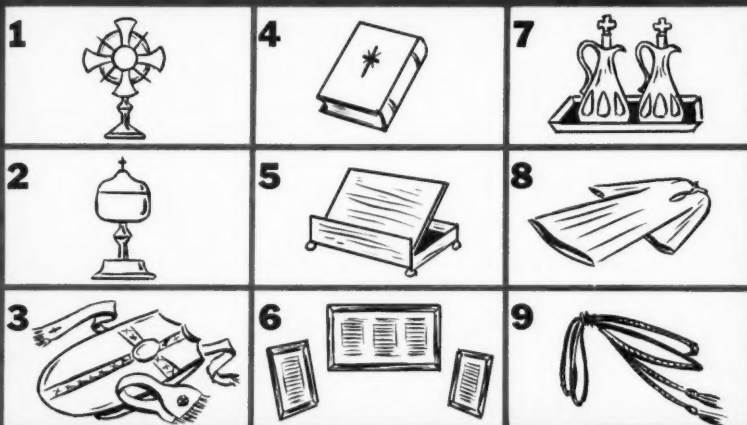
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## MISSION MASS NEEDS

|    |                            |        |
|----|----------------------------|--------|
| 1. | Monstrance . . . . .       | \$150. |
| 2. | Ciborium . . . . .         | 75.    |
| 3. | Set of Vestments . . . . . | 25.    |
| 4. | Missal . . . . .           | 30.    |
| 5. | Missal Stand . . . . .     | 15.    |
| 6. | Altar Cards . . . . .      | 15.    |
| 7. | Cruets and Tray . . . . .  | 1.50   |
| 8. | Alb . . . . .              | 30.    |
| 9. | Cincture . . . . .         | 4.     |

**You may, if you wish, choose one of these Mass Needs and donate it to the Maryknoll missions.**

-----  
**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.**

**Dear Fathers:**

I enclose \$..... Please purchase a.....  
 and send it to the mission where it is most needed.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

# People are Interesting!

The Family That  
Waited Twenty Years



1. Msgr. Grondin and his guide, Carlos, were traveling one day through the dark Amazon jungle.



2. "I want to show you where the jungle guards a memory," said Carlos, indicating a trail.



3. Soon priest and guide found themselves in a small clearing where they were warmly greeted.



4. The priest was led into one of the houses. As coffee was being served, he glanced around.



5. An altar ready for Mass was against one wall. "But no one knew I was coming!" said Father.



6. "Twenty years ago a Padre said Mass here," replied a man. "Now God will come here again."

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

NOV 1953

W ROXBURY 32 MASS

10 LINNET ST

MRS CHARLES J CURTIZ

# hot Years



...found  
...clearing  
...greeted.



Padre  
a man.  
again."

2.